King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
Kin. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine, *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo, rewards hee my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and be gone
To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tiranous and bloody deede is done,
The moſt arch-acts of pittious maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom I did ſubborne,
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay theſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth *Forreſt* girdling one another
Within their inocent alablaſter armes,
Their lipes like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in there ſommer beauty kiſt each other,
A booke of prayer one their pillow laie,
which once quoth *Forreſt* almoſt chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villian ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told, on, we ſmoothered
The moſt repleniſht ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he framde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And heare he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrell*, and I happy in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your hapyneſſe, bee happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King.

King. But didſt thou ſee th
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle
Tir. The Chaplaine of the
But how or in what place I d
King. Come to mee *Tirrill*
And thou ſhalt tell the proce
Meane time but thinke how
And be inheritor of thy deſir
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of *Clarence* haue
His daughter meanely haue
The ſonnes of *Edward* ſleepe
And *Anne* my wife hath bid
Now for I know the Brittai
And yong *Elizabeth* my br
And by that knot lookes pro
To her I goe a iolly thriuing
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad,
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, E
And *Buckingham* backt with
Is in the field, and ſtill his po
King Ely with *Richmond* t
Then *Buckingham* and his ra
Come I haue heard that feare
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull dela
Delay leades impotent and ſ
Then fiery expedition be my
Ioue, *Mercury*, and Herald
Come muſter men, my coun
We muſt be briefe, when tra

Enter Queene

Qu, Mar. So now proſperi
And drop into the rotten mo
Here in theſe confines ſlilie h
To watch the waining of mi
A dire induction am I witneſ
And will to *France*, hoping

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arc